

Rolling in on a Burning Tire

The Dead Weather

The moon is always full for us
The road is always clear
That's not what you want to hear
One is born so one can die
You must wait a real long time
That's more than you can bear And the days will come and go
And the band will march along
'Til the day you cast a shadow
And it's nothing like your own Rolling in on a burning tire
You're going to set my house on fire
Just to show me you were there
Well I was raised up like a snake
You were raised to leave me bait
I always, always take And the days will come and go
And the band will march along
'Til the day you cast a shadow
And it's nothing like your own

Songwriters

Jack Michael Lawrence; Alison Mosshart; Jack White; Dean Fertita Published by
DOMINO PUBLISHING CO LTD; THIRD STRING TUNES; SLEEPING DISORDER
MUSIC; GRACENOTE - SHARES TO BE DETERMINED Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

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